

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks for Women in Household Economics

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

A number of readers have been sending in some of their favorite, original recipes, and I am collecting them into a group and passing them on to the other readers of this column.

Northeast Orange Marmalade.

Take four nice, large navel oranges and two lemons. Cut off the thick end of each orange and lemon down to the pulp and leave out. Quarter the fruit and then slice thin, then peel and pulp with a small sharp knife. For each measure of fruit use three measures of cold water. Let stand twenty-four hours, then boil briskly forty-five minutes. Again let stand twenty-four hours. Now to each measure of fruit add a measure of good cane sugar and boil briskly about forty-five minutes. Try a little before removing from fire, and the minute it jells fill glasses. Fruit will jell more satisfactorily if made in small quantities.

Dietetic Salad.

Take oranges, peeling carefully. Slice and place on crisp lettuce leaves. Then take small green onions, cutting in small pieces. Sprinkle over orange slices. Top with salad dressing and sprinkle chopped nuts or paprika.

The dressing: Four tablespoons flour, heaping, and four heaping tablespoons of sugar; one tablespoon mustard, two eggs. A little cold water. Beat to a paste, then add:

One cup boiling water, one and one-half cups vinegar, one and one-half cups sweet milk. Boil four minutes and add butter the size of egg. Salt to taste. This makes a quart and will keep in all kinds of weather.

Orange Jelly.

Soak two tablespoonsful of gelatin five minutes in one-half cup cold water, dissolve in one-half cup boiling water, add one-half cup sugar, one cup orange juice, and three tablespoons lemon juice.

When set, cut in cubes and serve in orange baskets.

Baked Fruit with Dimples.

Bring one-half cup water and one tablespoon butter to boiling point, turn in quickly one-half cup dry flour, stir until mixture draws away from side of pan. Take from fire and cool. Work in two eggs, one-third cup flour mixed with one-fourth teaspoon baking powder, more flour if necessary to make soft dough, mold in small cakes and place in pan of fruit, brushing cakes on top with milk. Bake twenty to thirty minutes.

Fruits—Soak one dozen each of dried prunes, pears, apples, peaches, and apricots over night in cold water, then boil ten minutes, drain juice and boil with one cup of sugar, a few slices of oranges and lemon. Pour the juice over your fruit in the baking dish, add dimples and bake as directed above.

Take Orange Custard.

Beat until light three egg yolks and one egg white, then add one-half cup sugar, few grains salt, grated rind of one orange and one-fourth cup orange juice. Scald one and one-fourth cups milk in double boiler and pour gradually (stirring constantly) the egg mixture into it. Pour into buttered custard cups, place in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm.

Salmon Loaf.

One can salmon, one cup bread crumbs, two eggs, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, cayenne pepper, salt to taste, one can peas. Mix and

\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

How I Saved a Dollar.

Here is a chance for every one to save a dollar, by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

I saved and I earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and tell only on one side of paper. I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

P. S.—If you want a prize, you must be willing to have your name and address used, because that is only fair to other contestants, who have a right to know that each day's prize winner is an actual person. However, I am delighted to have all sorts of ideas sent in, which, if not given a prize, will be printed with initials only and help the other readers.

If your first letter doesn't get a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it.

E. L.

Winners are requested to call at the office of The Times and receive their prizes. Bring a clipping from the paper, if possible, noting the date on which your suggestion was published.

Dish Fritters.

Beat one egg until light, add one-fourth cup milk, one-half cup flour sifted with one-third teaspoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-half tablespoonful melted butter.

Beat until smooth. Peel two oranges, removing the pulp and membrane, cut in thin slices and sprinkle with sugar and few drops of lemon juice. Dip orange sections in batter and fry in deep fat until puffed and brown. Drain on brown paper sprinkled with powdered sugar and serve with an orange sauce.

Grape Juice Pie.

Take one and one-half cups of grape juice, pour into double boiler of the sour kind and add one cup of sugar. Place over fire. Add one teaspoonful of butter. Take one tablespoonful of cornstarch, stir into half cup cold water, add to this the beaten yolks of two eggs, stir into the grape juice and cook as if making lemon pie. When well cooked pour into rich shell that has been previously baked. Beat whites of two eggs, add one tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a little vanilla, pour over the top of the pie and set in hot oven to brown.

This Letter Wins

Today's Economy Prize.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

I would like to tell you not only how I saved the price of a new tam o'shantar, but how I made nearly six dollars. I wanted a new cap, which cost \$3 or \$4, and in looking over my clothes I found a ruffle sweater which I had knitted for myself last summer and which had gone out of style. I pulled out the ruffle and crocheted a cap for myself. After taking the time to make this cap, it was too small for me, so I sold it for \$1.50, and by doing so I got rid of the sweater, which I had made, without furnishing the wool, and now I am making my sweater over in a new style.

KATHERINE TAYLOR.

Seabrook, Md.

Letters of Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Life Beyond

Tells Certain Knowledge of Immortality Based on Messages from Dead Husband

"Envy Ella Giles the Reunion With Her Beloved—Wrote Her To Get Word Back If Possible"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Copyright, 1920, King Features Syndicate.

(The following hitherto unpublished letters from America's greatest poetess to her favorite brother, Marcus P. Wheeler, Windsor, Wis., a civil war veteran, constitute a remarkable human document. At one and the same time they set forth what she believed her certain knowledge of the life hereafter, based upon communications from her husband, Robert M. Wilcox, who died in 1916, and also very interesting side lights on the daily life and views of this writer whose name is known to every one who reads. These letters will be printed in daily installments.)

Short Beach, Conn., July 3, 1917.

Dear Marcus:

It seems strange I got the only news so far of Ella Giles' death from Wisconsin. No one has yet written or missed me from there. I envy her the reunion with her beloved. I wrote her after my return if she went on ahead to get a message to me if possible.

She had a very distinct vision of Robert last summer, and she had had three very remarkable ones of her father, one of which resulted in her being saved from serious sickness through bad plumbing. She knew nothing of it till her father came with the message; then she sent for a plumber, had the place overhauled, and found the condition exactly as described. This was twenty years ago. Only twice since has anything of that nature come to her—she never sought it.

I am sorry you missed my plays. I have not seen "A Beautiful Lie," but my relatives here saw it and said it was exceptionally fine. It is made from my poem in World Voices, "The Revere in the Station House," "Angel or Demon" I do not care much for. All of these plays

should have been exploited three years ago; I had my advance royalties then and get nothing now. Their delay has prevented other new ones coming out which would bring me profit. It is a most vexatious business. But it may bring me fortune by and by.

It certainly is nonsense the way we Wilcoxs all live and on. But I trust I will be fully ripe for the other world by not going "green" from this. And it can't be so terribly long now to wait. The last year and a half has been so full of all kinds of suffering—I doubt if any others can be as painful.

Added to the colossal loss, came the frightful knowledge last March that I had a small tumor on my breast. And while I do not want long life I do not want lingering death by painful inches. I have had treatment for this malady since July, and it has almost disappeared. The doctor says I will have no trouble from it. But the treatment took lots of time and money—x and violet rays. I can continue the treatment in Paris, and in London I shall be the guest of the most eminent x-ray specialist here.

However, if sudden death should come to me "over there," I shall escape the need of further treatment and worry over lingering maladies. I think the tumor was a

reflex from my bitter grief and misery in California. Could Not Write My Story Without Psychic Researches. Hotel Belmont, New York, Dec., 1917.

Dear Marcus: I am inclosing for you, and sending Ed and Sarah the same little holiday gift, which is from the advance price I am to get for my Memoirs.

There is a little string tied to my gift to you. I want you to promise to go to two movies a week; more if you will, but TWO any way.

I have been sick with my annual cold the kind I used to have and kept John Ableman awake with my "hark-from-the-tomb" cough. It comes every year, no matter where I am. Sometimes early, sometimes late. Then no more for another year. I am glad it came now as I will be all right when I sail. I once had it come on the day I sailed, and a windy ship is a bad place for bronchitis.

I shall know in a week or ten days just the date of my sailing. The head man of all ships here, nearly fainting with emotion when he was told by the ship agent at this hotel who it was wanted book. Said he adored me as a poet and would do everything to help me. This is all as Robert told me. He said he was making plans for me and not to worry. The editor of the Cosmopolitan is particularly interested in my psychic researches and wants me to give them freely in my story. I could not tell a true story of my

life unless I did. I am glad I have lived to find the intelligent part of the world ready to let me tell these facts in my Memoirs. I am sure you will find my Memoirs interesting. You knew so little of my life after you went to Dakota. It will all be very new to you. I have found it most entertaining work almost without a wrench on the emotions. I feel very glad that I have been able to live a life that the public will be helped by reading. All who have read it say it is a tonic. A busy day, so good by. ELLA.

No One Dies Till Time Comes No Matter Where He Goes. "The Bungalow." Granite Bay, Short Beach, Conn. (undated)

Am sorry my intent of giving you a real pleasure miscellany, and some mail "Nathaniel Worth" in inclosed envelope to a friend who wants it. I have had great delight in it—so have all my most brilliant friends.

Regarding Europe, I have no plan for a "pleasure trip." There is an obsolete word to me. Neither has your sweet suggestion of a desire for spectacular heroism on my part a foundation. I have many left from men in trenches. I speak French and could find usefulness and education over there. My going depends on what friends over there write in reply to my suggestion of the possibility.

No one dies till his time comes—no matter where he goes. ELLA.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

The Two Voices

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

CHAPTER XII.

Copyright, 1919, Star Company.

It was less than a week an upright piano had been brought to Daniel Rodney's house and installed in the library in the space between the fireplace and the window. Hugh's couch was drawn out in front of the hearth, and he was in the habit of lying here hour after hour while Laura or Ruth read to him.

The piano arrived one morning, and when Ruth entered the library that afternoon she heard the thrill of excitement in the invalid's voice even before she saw the cause of it.

"Oh, Doris, darling—I am so glad you've come," he greeted her. "You are later than usual today—aren't you?"

"I don't think so," she said. "Why were you in such a hurry for me?"

"Look!" he commanded.

He pointed at the room, but not to the piano, for his blindness made it impossible for him to indicate the exact location of the instrument. Doris did not tell him this.

"Oh, the piano's here!" she exclaimed, trying to throw the correct amount of enthusiasm into her voice. "Your father did not let the grass grow under his feet, did he?"

"Indeed, he did not! Ever since he spoke of it I have felt as if I could not wait to hear you play and sing, Doris. Just as soon as you get your coat and hat off, and are rested a bit, you will give me some music, won't you? But, first of all, kiss me. You forgot to do that."

"You forgot it yourself in your excitement over the piano," she retorted jestingly.

"I will step over into Laura's room with these things," she said. "She knew that Laura was out, and she wanted to be alone for a minute. Already her hands were

trembling with nervousness at the thought of playing for singing for Hugh Rodney. She had always had the shrinking—peculiar to certain people—from "Performing" in the presence of a stranger. Especially she dreaded having Hugh hear her do so. As Ruth Courtney, she knew she could not stand the ordeal. As Doris Courtney, she must stand it.

She had almost hoped that Mr. Rodney would defer getting the piano. While she had accused herself of selfishness in this hope, she could not help entertaining it.

Now she must do more than "face the music." She must make it herself.

It was but one more ordeal through which she had to pass. If she were worthy Hugh's friendship, she would meet this new situation.

"What are you going to sing?" Hugh asked when she had returned to him, and closed the door of the library. She was glad Laura was out.

"I would rather play something first," she said, "until I get my breath from walking so rapidly."

"Play what you like, won't you?"

Her heart beat with the sickening rapidity familiar to the nervous musician. Ever since her childhood, her seemingly unconquerable stage fright had been the reproach of her mother and the regret of her music-teachers. Now she had come to the point where she must master it. She had never been able to play before a crowd.

Seating herself at the piano, she struck a few chords.

"What a sweet tone this instrument has!" she commented, to gain time.

"Yes, it has. Please play something, Doris," the blind man urged.

The name he called her by acted as a spur.

He would be listening to her as Doris, not as Ruth. That made it easier. She knew she could play and sing better than Doris could—when only her own family were at hand to listen. Doris herself had said that.

Very softly she began to play "Doris's Souvenir." It was a piece she loved. She had heard Mischa Elman play it last year, and had never forgotten the joy of the experience. She had been delighted to find that she could secure an arrangement of the piece for the piano.

Almost caressingly she touched the notes. She felt as if she and Hugh were alone in the world. She closed her eyes and drank in the beauty of the music. It was wonderful to let herself go with the harmony that flowed from her fingers.

As the last note died away into silence Hugh spoke, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Doris, darling! That was just what I was longing to hear! And I played it because you and I heard it together just after we were engaged, didn't you? You remember that wonderful evening, when we heard Mischa Elman, and—"

He stopped abruptly, as Ruth's hands dropped with a clashing discord upon the keys.

"I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed. "That was an awkward thing to do. In getting up from the stool, I slipped and caught at the piano to steady myself."

"You did not hurt yourself?" anxiously.

"Oh, no," she assured him—"not a bit."

"Don't stop playing," he begged, as she came across the room toward him. "While I listened to that 'Souvenir' I felt as if you and I, Doris, were alone together in all the world—just as it was when you and I heard it last year."

"And, darling, I know that you were remembering, too—or you would not have played it. And I knew that you were living over again that unforgettable evening. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, Hugh; I played it because I heard it that evening last year—and loved it," she muttered.

To be continued.

BOOKS

RECORDS OF THE COLUMBIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON. TON, D. C. Volume 22. Edited by John B. Larnier. Published by the Society at Washington.

The twenty-second volume of the records of the Columbia Historical Society contains an unusually large amount of good historical material. It should prove of great interest to every one interested in the historical life of Washington.

April Folly A Brilliant Film Romance With MARION DAVIES

Watch For This Story in Motion Pictures

"April Folly," soon to be seen in leading motion picture theaters, is a Cosmopolitan production, released through Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as a Paramount-Artcraft picture, direction of Robert Z. Leonard.

By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY.

Author of "Blue Aloes," "The Leopard," and many short stories of unusual charm and cleverness.

SUDDENLY the peace of evening tide was rudely shattered by the jarring crank of a motor being geared for starting. Evidently Ghostie's friends were departing in the same old way, with which they had held apart all the afternoon. No one in the studio stirred to speed the parting guests.

It did not seem fitting to obtrude upon the pride of the great woman's voice, but good-bye, and Ghostie was heard warning them of a large rock fifty yards up the lane. A man called good-night, and they were off.

"My, jove, I know that fellow's voice," puzzled Sarah. April thought she did, too, but she was in a kind of happy trance where voices did not matter. The next episode was Ghostie at the window, blotting out the evening sky in a little courtyard. Each room led into the other, but had also an outer door. Ghostie's room was third from the studio, with one between, unused because of huge piles of furniture.

"We won't spoil the best hour of the day by lighting the lamps," she said.

They waited. In a minute or so they heard the strange girl approaching. The house consisted of a number of rooms built in the form of a half-moon, of a castle courtyard. Each room led into the other, but had also an outer door. Ghostie's room was third from the studio, with one between, unused because of huge piles of furniture.

"They have gone," she timidly announced.

"Ah, joy go with them!" remarked Clive, more in relief than regret.

"But there is still one of them in my room."

"What?"

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

to come in. These also are my friends."

"Ghostie disappeared. Simultaneously the two men arose, remarking that they must be going; they had stayed too late, and it was getting dark. Clive easily shut them up."

"Of course, you can't go! Stay to supper and go back by the light of the moon. We've got to have some music and all sorts of things yet. Afterward, we'll come a bit of the way with you."

"They did not need much persuasion to settle down again. Clive passed around the cigarettes."

"We won't spoil the best hour of the day by lighting the lamps," she said.

They waited. In a minute or so they heard the strange girl approaching. The house consisted of a number of rooms built in the form of a half-moon, of a castle courtyard. Each room led into the other, but had also an outer door. Ghostie's room was third from the studio, with one between, unused because of huge piles of furniture.

"They have gone," she timidly announced.

"Ah, joy go with them!" remarked Clive, more in relief than regret.

"But there is still one of them in my room."

"What?"

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all leave, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.